Under your skin

Who do you trust when you can't remember anything? In my case, I trust no one. I don't even trust myself. I feel sober, yet I also feel like being sober isn't the way. The best way to experience life is, without a doubt, stoned to a point of no return. As we all sit in our niche, little flat, paid by no one - we just call it flat, as that makes us feel more like we were a part of society - we unpack our material. Rusty spoons, cheap needles, once protected from the outside in some sterile manner, and, of course, the lighter. We only got one lighter, hopefully it lasts. Once, the lighter gave in, no liquid left. The liquid, that's the lighter fluid, you reckon. What followed was a mental episode for the one guy who couldn't heat up his spoon that night. He went around, asking people for a lighter, like a fucking maniac. When he finally got someone to give him his lighter, rather forcefully I suppose, he heated up all he had left, which resulted in a weird, thick and sticky brown substance, which, when injected, would definitely kill him. Well, we all didn't give a damn shit, obviously, so we gave him what he was craving. He fucking died. We didn't give a damn shit.

Now, the question would be, how did I even end up in this situation, and truthfully, I don't remember. Thus, we end up right back where we started. When you don't remember anything, you should trust no one. My mind is clouded by, by- I don't know, fucking juices and syringes, fucking shit and all. I, just, I don't know how I ended up here, in this situation. But, in a way, it makes me feel at ease, because I have nothing to regret, no one to be sorry to. I live in my own little bubble, a tainted one, about to burst, me spilling out into an endless ocean of whatever the fuck my mind is engulfed in, the juices flowing into one another, mixing and forming one, me in the center, a lifeless, floating corpse in an ocean of fluids, mind spilled, leaking into the collective, rapidly growing junkie sub-conscious.

As I look around, this guy starts talking to me, fucking gone with his mind I guess.

"How are you getting by?"

"Getting by what?"

"Just... getting by."

I know what he meant, fucking Asshole. How am I getting by? I'm pushing needles into my veins, day after day after fucking day, no fucking end in sight. The heroin's fucking expensive, isn't it? I'm afraid I might not be able to make it another month. Truth is, this addiction is the worst kind. I don't chase the high at this point, no, I fear the uninevitable consequences of withdrawal. You hear sick fucking stories, people scratching off their outer layers, exposing their flesh, maybe even their bones, vomiting for hours on end, which I don't believe is possible, but the rumors have to come from somewhere, you know? Like, there has to be a basis, some kind of common ground that all the stories emerge from, like some very good soil or something. I don't know much about the chemistry or whatever, but the shit fucking hits immediately. That's why it's such a dangerous drug. You take it once, it hits, you don't want to experience the aftermath, you take it again. And that's how it goes.

"I don't get by. I inject all the money I can find, I cook it up and inject."

He laughs.

What's the fucker laughing for? I wish I could rip off his head, show him that this is not a situation to laught at. Then again, he seems worse off. He has a huge, green-ish patch of flaky skin on his forearm, some thick, yellow pus oozing from a small, enflamed hole, probably from some sort of injection. It couldn't have been heroin.

"Hey, what the fuck's that about? You good?"

He started shaking, then looked me dead in the eyes.

"Can't afford the usual anymore. I made a mistake, big fucking mistake I'm telling you. This shit we cooked up, it's so good, but, man, it fucks you up."

I wonder what the fuck he is babbling on about, some mysterious new juice I haven't heard of before.
"What's it called? How'd you make it?"
I asked that, showing no compassion or interest in that guy as a person. I didn't even know his name. He was huge, like, really fucking huge, but it seemed as if he was deteriorating, losing himself I mean. The shit probably got to him, all his money flowing into his bloodstream too, all his hard earned bucks or whatever. It's sort of, kind of like - a tragedy? Doesn't fucking matter anyway.
"The shit, you can see it right? They call it Krokodil. That's what they called it in Russia, now we make it here too. I decided to try it once, and you will never get away from it. I'm pretty fucking dead already."
Krokodil.
I heard about that before. Not anything regarding its effect, just heard other fellow cunts talking about it, syringes placed tightly. I was curious. This fucking life, what do I have to lose? I wanted to ask him how to make it, but I didn't want to look pathetic, or whatever you would call that.
"What is it exactly?"
"You get some codeine." He scratches his gaping wound, some of his skin flaking off around the pus. "Fuck!" He gasps as if in pain, and I reconsider my stupid fucking idea. Then again, who would be mourning my death?
"You know what, fucking forget about it, can you cook me some?"
"Sure, if you really want it. But, you see where it leads."
"I don't give a shit, just like how no one gives a shit about us." It's true. We are no one. Seen by no one, heard by no one, hated by no one. We never step out into the light of day, we live in darkness. No, we don't even live, that's just exaggerated, we survive. And even that, only barely. We're hanging on and I'd much rather let go, so I wanna have some of that good fucking juice. So, the guy took me along to another room in the same abandoned building, a couch in the center, just kind of standing there, rotten, just like those sitting on it. Two people, one man, one woman, their limbs covered in these red, glistening patches of exposed flesh, the skin in between black and rotting. It smells like death in here and it smells great. I feel as though I need this more than anyone in my life up to this point and my eyes follow the guy as he walks up to the brown, rusty stove, to cook up some shit. I sit down in between these two people, accidentally brushing the woman's arm. She pulls it back slowly and grins at me, her front teeth missing. I smile back at her. She slowly moves in and tries to kiss me, so I rapidly stand back up and start gagging, hoping that everything stays inside. Thankfully it does. The woman goes back to just staring at the ceiling. The guy comes back, this strange spoon in hand, looking like a kind of small pan, and telling me to hold it. I grab the handle and hold it as he gets a syringe and the lighter from the other room. He roasts the shit inside the spoon, presumably some codeine, or cough syrup I think, some salt and some other strange shit. After awhile, he gets the syringe, draws some of the juice into it and tells me to stay still. He carefully, and I mean very carefully tries to find a vein in my leg and slowly pushes the needle into it. I don't even feel that hot sensation anymore, that's how my times I've done this. But, as he injects the poison into my body, I can already see where he's coming from. It hits even quicker, even harder and after he pulls the syringe out, I let myself fall back on the floor, giving in to whatever sensation this is. After a few minutes, I tried to stand up, my movements erratic and senseless. Something cracked, I didn't feel any pain though. As I tried to leave the room, I lost vision, and fell back down, vision returning slowly and making me feel a wrong kind of comfort. I knew that, if I were to stand back up now, this would happen all over again. The rubble I was grinding my ass on didn't feel like rubble, it felt soft and pleasant, so I just decided to lay back down. I closed my eyes and waited.

I opened my eyes, disoriented and unsure about where I was. "Fucking hell." I tried to stand up, but I felt a sudden sharp pain in my leg, the same leg he injected that shit into. I look and see only a small red dot, where the shit was injected, and the skin around it being kind of red. The pain was real though. I felt kind of sick and nauseous, so I dragged myself to the couch, now empty, and spread across it, falling asleep.
The next time I woke up, I vomited in a stream, off the couch and right on the ground. The guy came to me, his wound now turning red, the skin flaking off independently, I guess. He looks at me, says "Time for another shot, or you'll just bear it." I can feel my stomach contracting, the unbearable pain making me whine. The guy does the same thing as before, cooking up shit, giving me the spoon, this time held more shakily than last time, and injecting again in the same area, this time slightly off to the side, and I drift away again. This went on for days, the area around the injection hole going from looking like just a slight burn to looking like a severe chemical burn to looking like an ugly, burnt tree stump covered in some new sort of parasite that makes the wood bleed and ooze. When I touch the area, it's hard and itchy. When I scratch it, the black stuff flakes off and I can go on until I expose my own flesh, as it's just dead skin. It won't grow back though. I covered the leg with some bandages before, but I can't keep them on because I have to inject and I don't want to inject into any other limbs. Fuck, why can't I just die now? I was craving it so much, but now this is what it looks like? No. Fucking hell no. I feel like the most useless pile of shit to ever live, walking being the most painful thing I could ever think of doing. Can't even fucking end my own misery due to the financial situation in this hellhouse. It's fucking dark outside. Last time I checked it wasn't. It was bright as day outside, bright as fucking day. I can't go on. I know no one. I literally don't know anyone's fucking name. I am nobody, everyone is nobody to me. Nobody wants me, nobody loves me, nobody will miss me. The pain I feel is only the beginning, I won't let it go any further.
I tumble into the other room, which I haven't been in for days, and see some fuckers in a circle again, minding their business. From there, I take a sharp left into the kitchen and get myself a big, rusty knife. What I am about to do, well, I am sorry already, to myself, as no one else cares. I go back, sit down in a secluded corner of the house, stretch out my leg and look at what I've done. The black, bumpy landscape covered in red, dying tissue. It almost looks like something produced by a fucking volcano or something. It's too much to look at. I take the knife and carefully place it on the uppermost black layer of skin, where, when I make a scraping motion, it almost sounds like scraping breading off a burnt piece of chicken. I take a deep breath and push the sharp edge of the knife into the breading; the skin, that is, I can't bear it any longer. I start cutting, and I never felt a worse fucking pain in my life. Blood starts flowing immediately and the rust on the knife scrapes the burnt breading, producing a horrifying sound that resembles - god, I don't fucking know. I stop and look at what I have done, but decide that I have to keep going. I keep cutting, screaming in agony, tears rushing into my eyes. I don't stop, despite all the pain. I take breaks in between, however, these are barely breaks as nothing stops. The pain keeps going, it's too late to stop it, so I start cutting again almost immediately. After a while, a long while, I hit fucking bone, realizing I'm never gonna get past that.
"AGHHHH, WHAT THE FUCK, I, AUFGHHHHHH---"
These kinds of stomach churning sounds have been going on ever since I started. I sit there, crying, no idea what to do next. I realize, I can never recover from this, so I just take the knife, put it at my wrist, and, in an erratic, shaky motion, cut whatever I can hit, the pain blending into the immense pain I am already feeling. I throw the knife across the room, let myself fall back and bleed out, thinking of birds, fish and the beautiful green trees I haven't seen in such a long time.